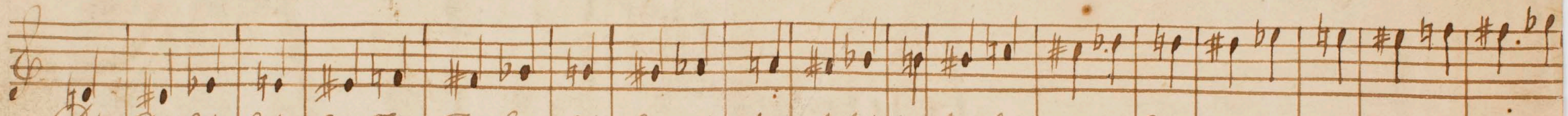
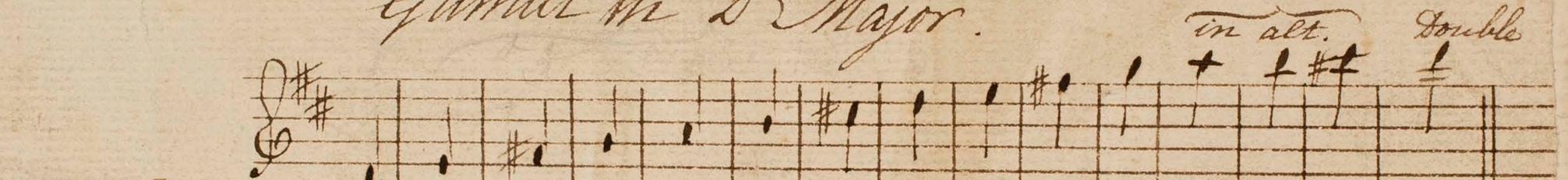
Chromatic Scale of all the Notes.



	D♮	D♯ E♭	E♮	E♯ F♮	F♯ G♭	G♮	G♯ A♭	A♮	A♯ B♭	B♮	B♯ C♮		C♯ D♭		D♮	D♯ E♭	E♮	E♯ F♮	F♯ G♭
											two ways		two ways						
Left Hand	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1
	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	0	0	2	2	0	0	2	2	2	2	2
	3	3	3	3	3	3	0	0	3	0	0	3	0	0	3	3	3	3	3
Right Hand	4	4	4	4	4	0	4	0	4	0	4	0	0	4	4	4	4	4	4
	5	5	5	0	0	0	5	0	5	0	5	0	0	5	5	5	5	0	0
	6	6	0	6	0	0	6	0	0	0	6	0	0	6	6	0	0	6	0
D♯ Key	×	0	×	×	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	×	0	×	×	0

Gamut in D Major.



	D	E	F#	G	A	B	C#	D	E	F#	G	A	B	C#	DD
Left Hand	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	0
	2	2	2	2	2	0	0	2	2	2	2	2	0	2	2
	3	3	3	3	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	0	0	3	3
Right Hand	4	4	4	0	0	0	0	4	4	4	0	0	0	4	0
	5	5	0	0	0	0	0	5	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
D# Key.	x	x	0	0	0	0	0	x	x	0	0	0	0	0	0

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f

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p

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~~Farewell, if ever fondest~~

IRVING
LOWENS

Let Fame Sound the Trumpet

Sung by Mr Darley with great Applause

Allegro

Cor.

Spir.

The Morn unbars the gates of Light

A favorite Hunting Song Sung with great applaus by Miss Dettinger

Spir
it
oso

ad lib

B

See From Ocean Rising a favorite duetto in Paul & Virginia

Moderato

p

sf

sf

Paul

See from Ocean rising bright flames the orb of day

Virginia

Paul

Go to Jane Glover and

Tell her I love her and

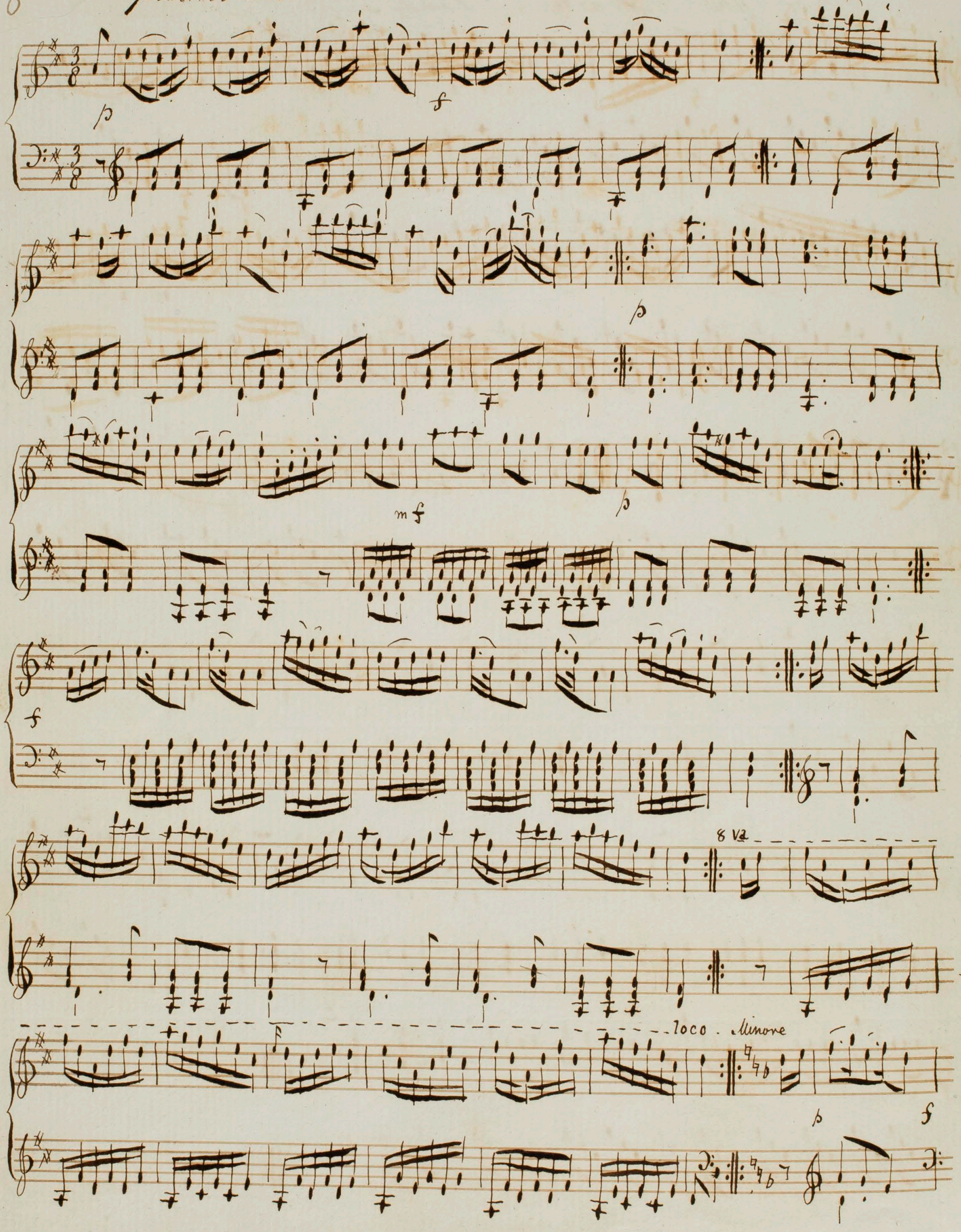
By the light of the moon

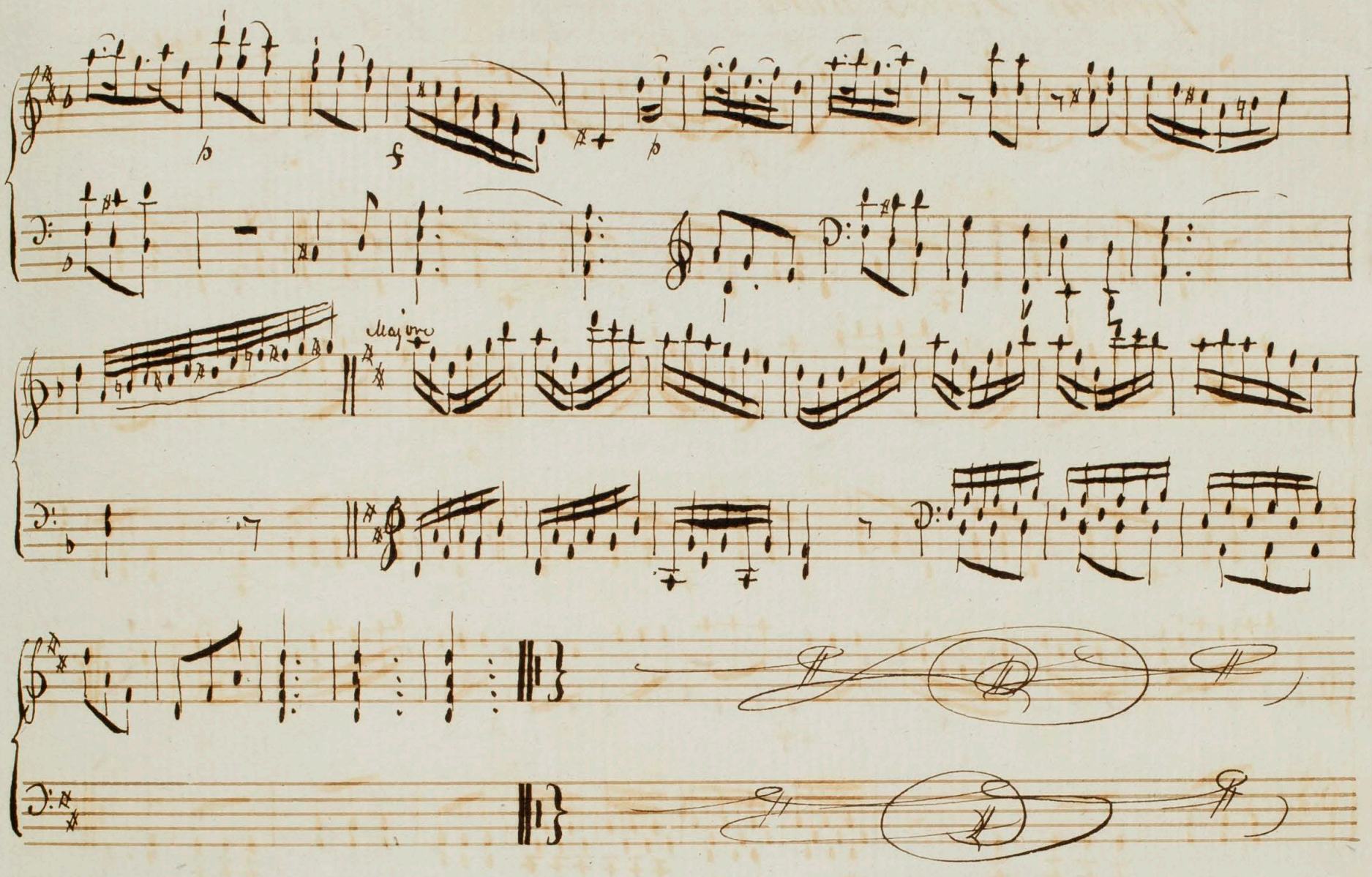
I will come to her.

By and By a Favorite Song

p

Governor Lewis's Waltz




f
Majore

I'LL BE MARRIED TO THEE.

Mary I believe thee true.

by T Moore Esq.

Andante

Mary I believe thee true, And

I was blest in thus be-lieving, But now I mourn that e'er I knew, A.

girl so fair, and so de-ceiving, Few have e-ver lov'd like me, Oh!

I have loo'd thee too sin-cerely And few have e'er de-ceiv'd like thee;

Las. de-ceiv'd me too severely Fare-thee, well, Fare thee well

p dim

p dim

pp

pp

Fare thee well, yet think a while,
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee, than live without thee,
Fare thee well, I'll think on thee,
Thou leavest me many a bitter token,
For see, distracting woman see;
My peace is gone, my heart is broken,
Fare thee well.

Love, thy Mary dwells with thee

2d Voice

Love my Ma—ry dwells with thee, — On thy cheek his

1st Voice

bed I see, No, that cheek is pale with care, Love can find no

Cantante. tempo

roses there, no roses there, No no, no, no, no, no, no roses

there, no. no

1st

1 'Tis not on the cheek of rose — Love can find the best re-pose,

2 'Tis not on the cheek of rose, — Love can find the best re-pose

Piano

In my heart his home thou'lt see, There he lives, and lives for thee, There he lives, he

In my heart his home thou'lt see There he lives, and lives for thee There he lives, he

lives for thee, There he lives for thee.

lives for thee, There he lives for thee.

Bristol March by [illegible]

D.C

Continued

Bristol March

Continued

Off she goes

Finis

Finis

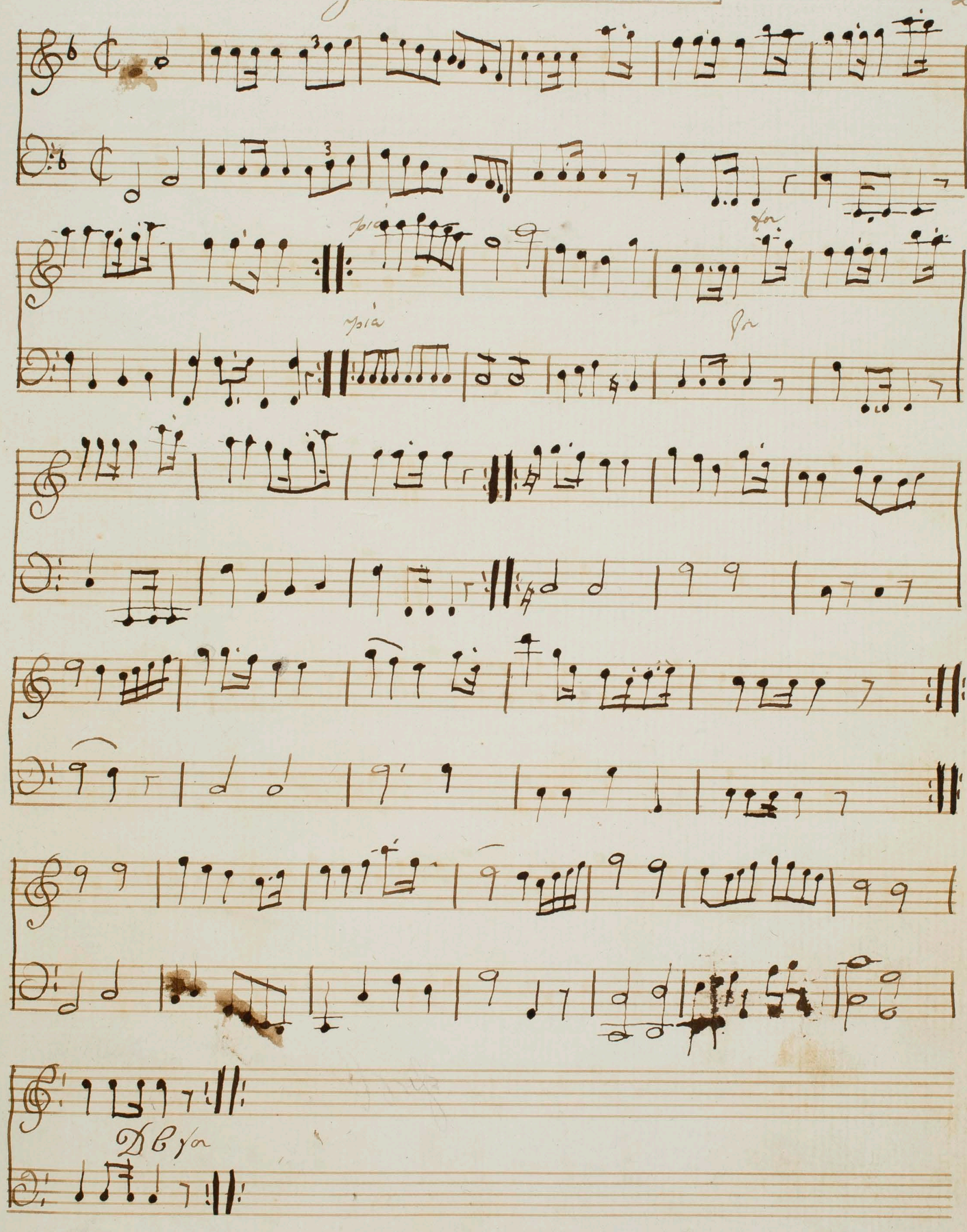
March in the Blue Beard

Da capo

March in Oscar and Malvina

Gen.l Bates quick March

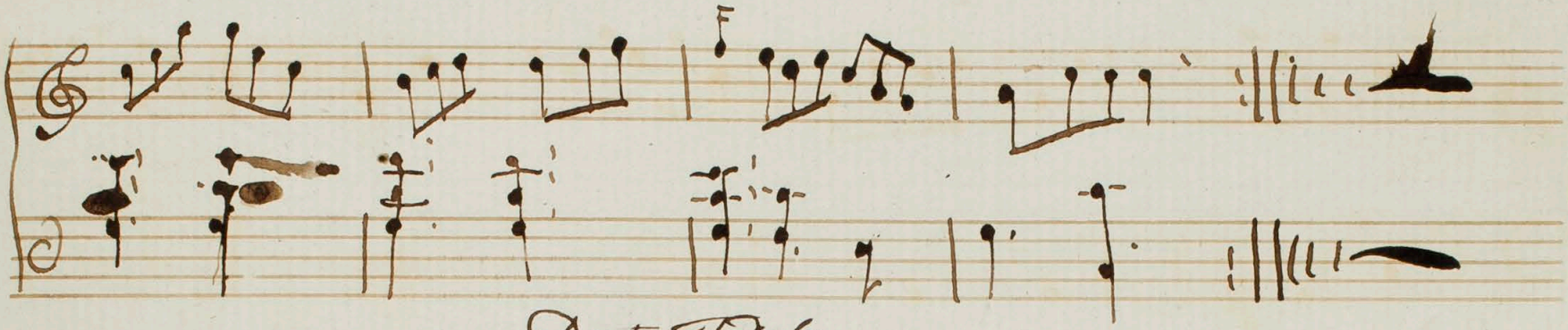
Grand March in Abaellino.



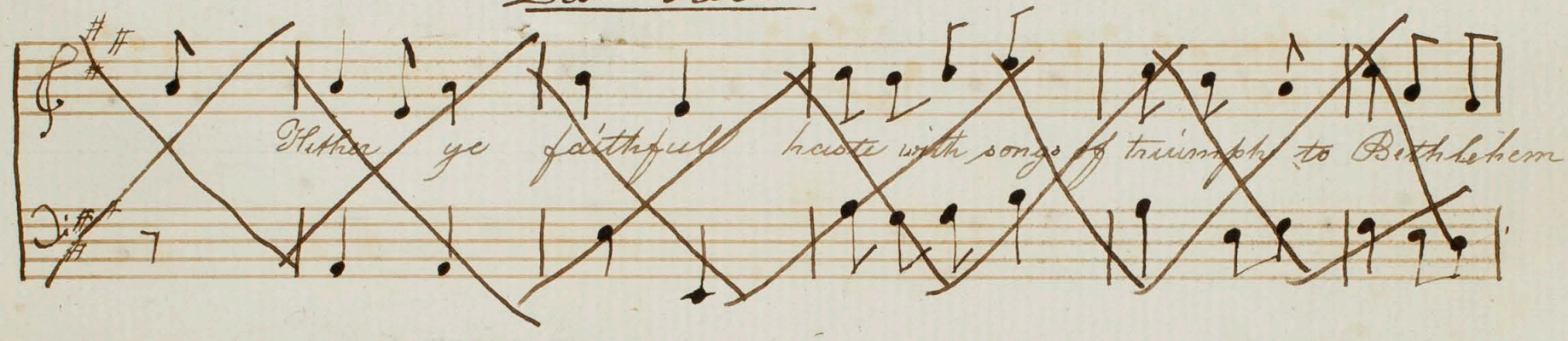
Savage Dance in Robinson Crusoe

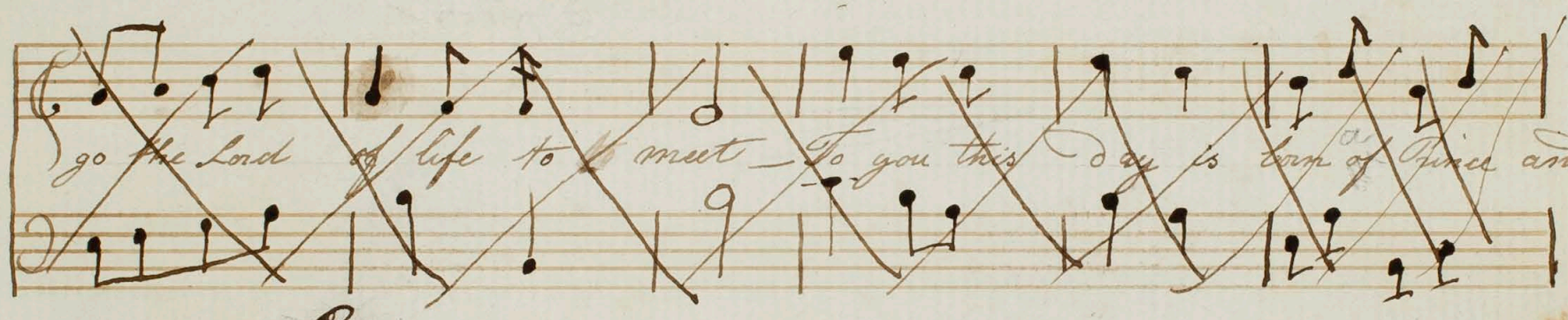
Clapo

The Land of Sweet Erin

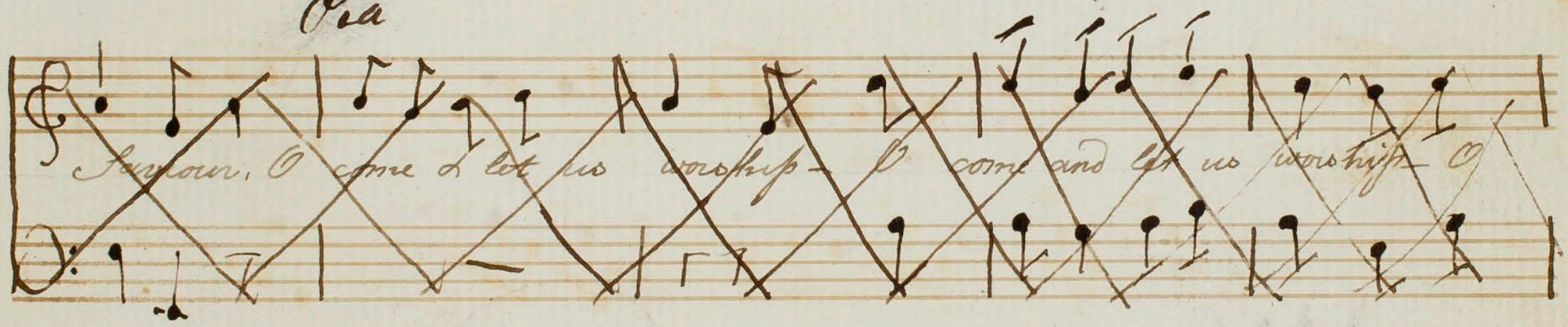


Deote Fidelis

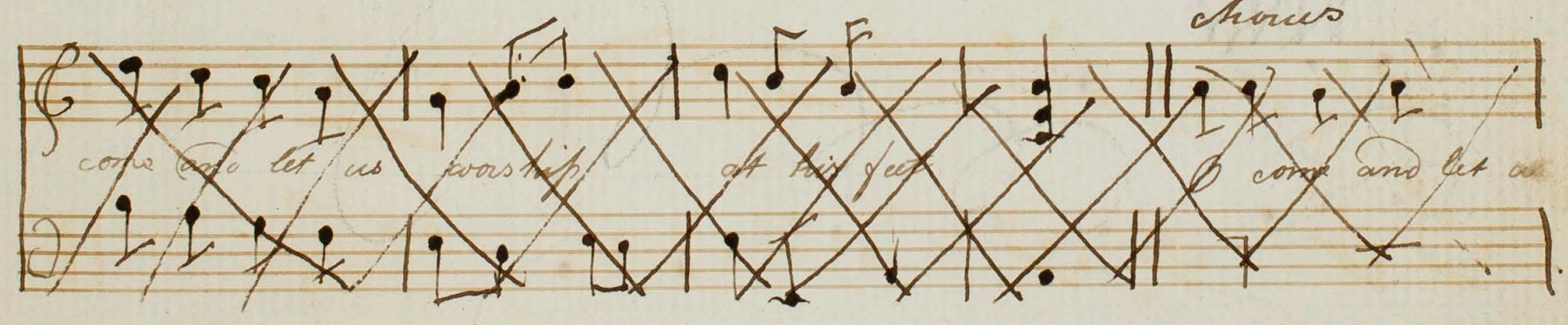


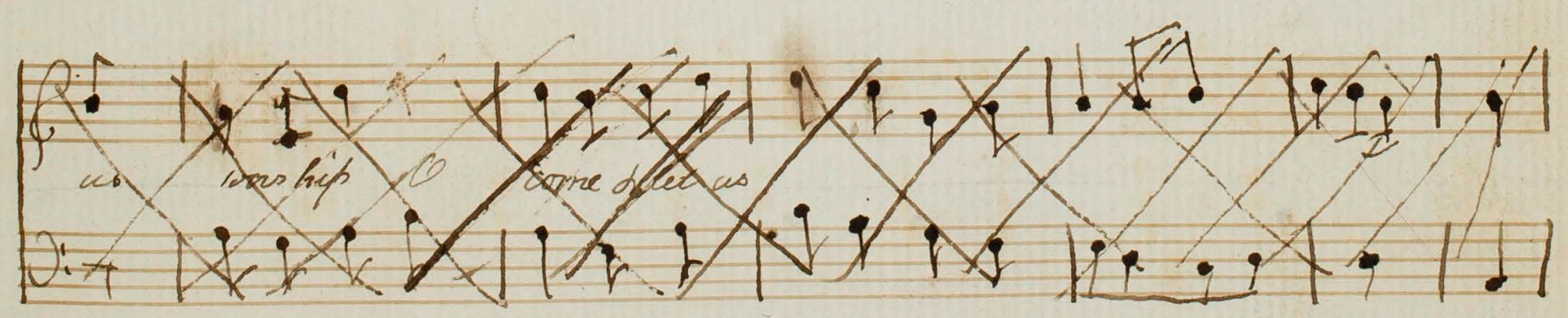


Pia



Chorus





Stay'd as far as the bar as a Symphony

Deste Fideles

Hither ye faithful haste with songs of

triumph to Bethlehem go the Lord of life to

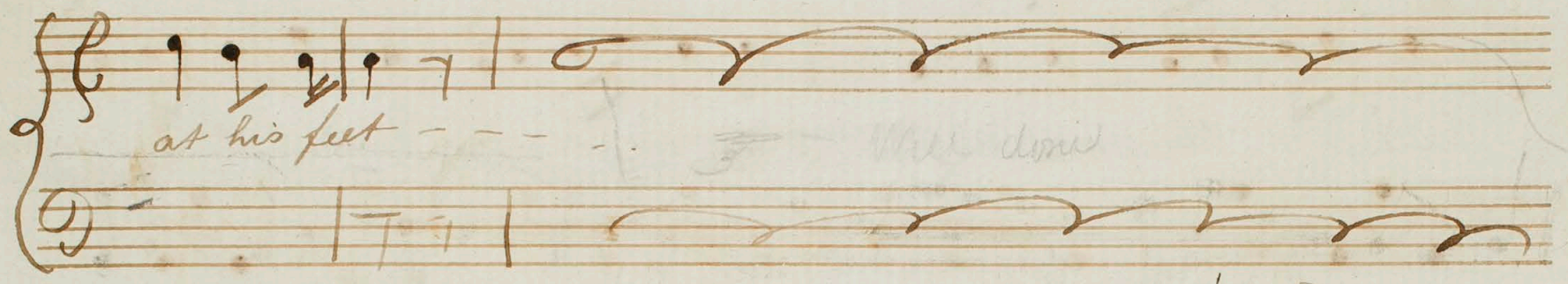
meet to you this day is born a prince and Saviour O

Pra

come and let us worship O come and let us worship O

come and let us worship at his feet O come and let us

worship O come let us worship O come let us worship



O Jesus for such wondrous condescention
Our praise and reverence are an offering meet
Now is the word made flesh & dwell among us
O come & O come &

Shout his almighty name ye choirs of angels
Let the celestial court his praise repeat
Unto our God be glory in the highest
O come & &.

O Jesus for such wondrous condescention. R.E. Dexter
Our praise and reverence are an offering meet;
Now is the word made flesh & dwell among us.
O come & — — O come & R.E.C.D.

Shout his almighty name ye choirs of angels,
Let the celestial court his praise repeat:
Unto our God be glory in the highest.
O come &c. O come &c.

"Oh! forever, "Fare thee well"

Morgiana.

Ali

While poor the Spe-rits flag Then were pin-ing dai-ly Then down drop

Morgiana.

mony bags, And well to sup-per gai-ly ah! A-li my hus-band dear,

Ali.

Oft I've been a star-ver now well have din-ner here

Both.

and I will be grand car-ver. Oer dales and mountains stray

Spite of Wind and wea-ther, Rough, Smooth, what ere our way.

Morgiana.

We will march to gather. Do not pray since

Ali.

wealths our hap, Rove in Bagdads ci-ty When moneys

Morgiana.

in our lap A wife looks always pretty — Friends like bees when

Ali

wealth abounds Swarm while metal tinkling; But when no

Both

Gold resounds, They vanish in a twinkling. Ov'r dales and

mountains stray Spite of wind and weather

rough smooth what e'er our way we will march to gether.

March on the coast of St Albans

Ah! what is the Bosoms Commotion. / In the Forty thieves /

ff

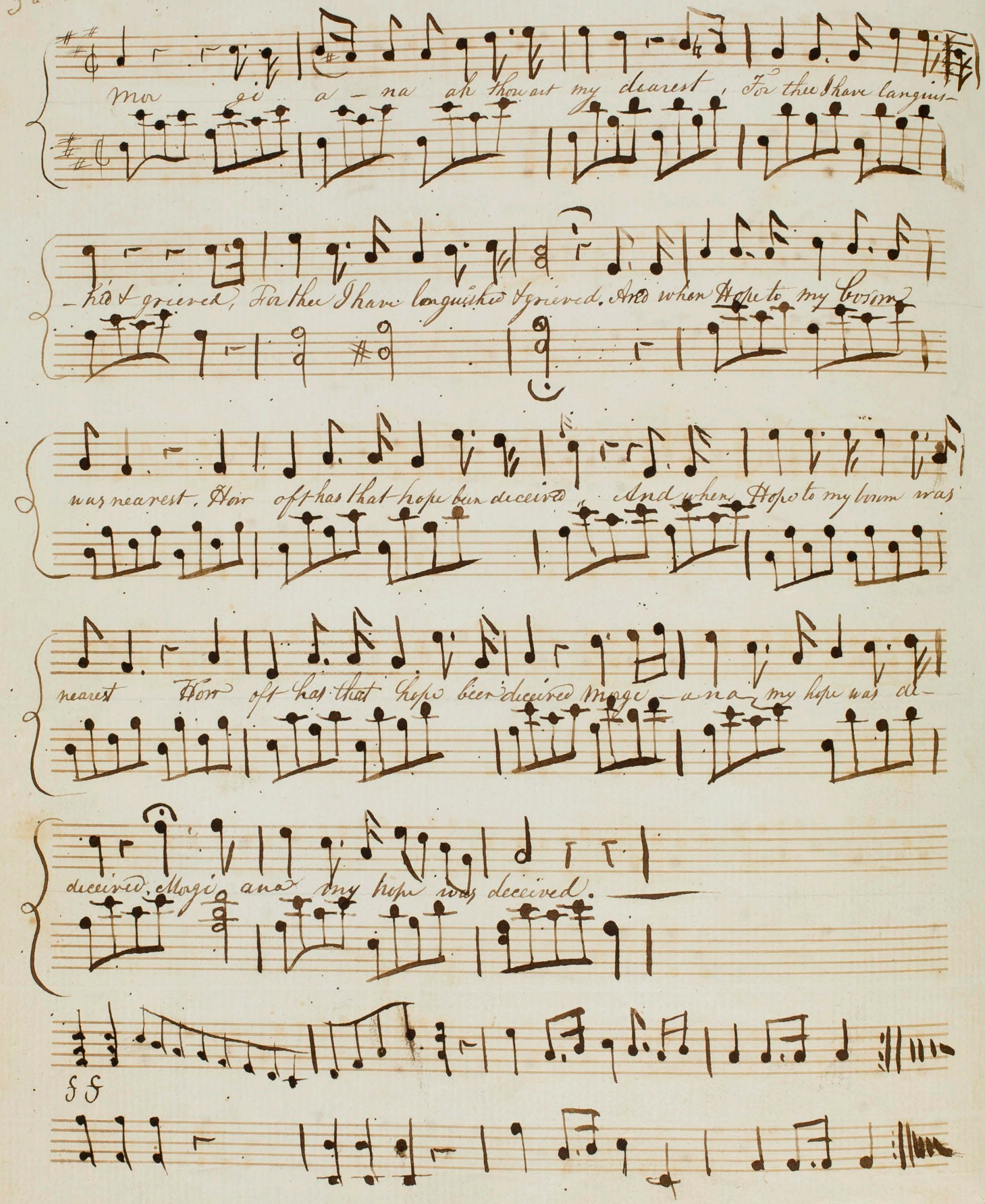
Ah! what is the Bosoms

Commotion In a Sea of suspense while tis lost while

the heart in our Passions wild Ocean, Feels even hopes anchor is lost

while the heart in one Passions wild ocean, Feels even hopes ancha is lost

The Storm of


Mor gi a - na ah thou art my dearest, For thee I have languis-
-hed & grieved, For thee I have languished & grieved. And when Hope to my bosom
was nearest. How oft has that hope been deceived. And when Hope to my bosom was
nearest How oft has that hope been deceived Morgi - a na my hope was de-
deceived. Morgi ana my hope was deceived.

March in Timour the Tartar.

Allegretto 8va alta.

8va alta

8va alta

I have a Heart.

a favourite Ballad by Mr G. Gray

I have a heart a little heart, That throbs for I know

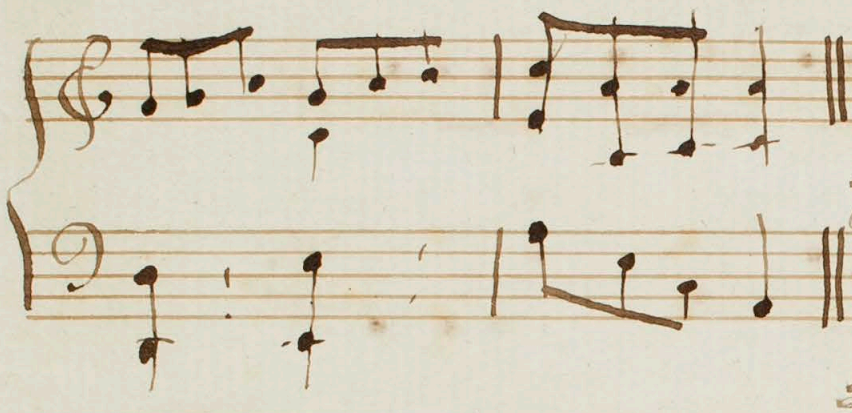
who, Yet this can say and mind one pray, It is not you no you.

No, no no no no no I tell you so, no no no no no no I tell you so 'Tis

no one here sin-cerely. And yet I sigh and all for why.

Be-cause I love him dearly. And yet I sigh & all for why

Because I love him dearly



I have a heart a little heart
But not I fear my own
Twas mine but now tis his I vow
But who shall not be known. No no &c &c

I have a heart a little heart
That's tender warm and true
Yet this can say and mind me pray
It throbs but not for you no no &c &c

2nd Verse of ah! what is the Bosoms commotion

See 29th page

The storm of despair is blown over
No more by its vapour depressed,
I laugh at the clouds of a Lover,
With the sunshine of joy in my breast.

3rd Love made by a Parent my duty.
To the wish of my heart now arrived,
I bend to the power of Beauty
And every fond hope is revived.
Mogiana my hope is revived.

See 29th page

Oh! the Sweet little Village.

ANDANTINO.

Sempre Piano.

Our = Vil = lage is sure _ ly the sweet _ est on earth, 'Tis the spot I de _ light in = it

first gave me birth, So clear are our stream _ lets, so = ~~ver~~ ver - dant our shades, So

brave are our Youths, and so fair are our Maids, Oh _ the Dear lit _ tle Vil - lage in

Syn.

which I was born.

Our groves are so cool, and so fertile our fields,
So rich in the fruits that kind Providence yields!
Our Labour is light though our lands are well tilled,
From whence both our barns and our pockets are filled

Oh the sweet little Village &c

Our loves are sincere, our affections are strong;
Our wives are all old, and our Girls are all Young:
Then, why should we ever go happiness roam,
While we've Women and wine, with contentment at home.

Oh! the sweet little Village
in which I was born

March in Tekely

Moderato

The Blue eyd youth. Sung in the Oh this Love.

Andan°

Clar:

Vio: Cres. rf p

Countess

A Blue eyd youth in wars arry'd Came o'er the moor and

sigh'd for me. Bright as the blush of morn was he, Mild as the beam of

do- sing day. With mighty men the

stripling strove, The blue eyd youth he knew no fear, Yet

trem – blingly he told his love Yet

trem – blingly he told his love Yet tremblingly he

told his love And spoke but with a gush – ing tear And spoke but with

gush – ing. tear.

fp fp p

2ns Verse.

His form e – rect as radient truth, was humbly bent when

we met Oh never shall my heart for – get The

woo – ing of the blue eyd youth. Dol: Clar: I

scond he fled far far a way, And sorroring sought the

battled plain. And now I sigh that some blest day may

bring the blue eyd youth a gain. And now I sigh that

some blest day may bring the blue eyd youth a – gain may

bring the blue eyd youth a gain. fp fp p

Go Where glory waits thee.

Tenderly

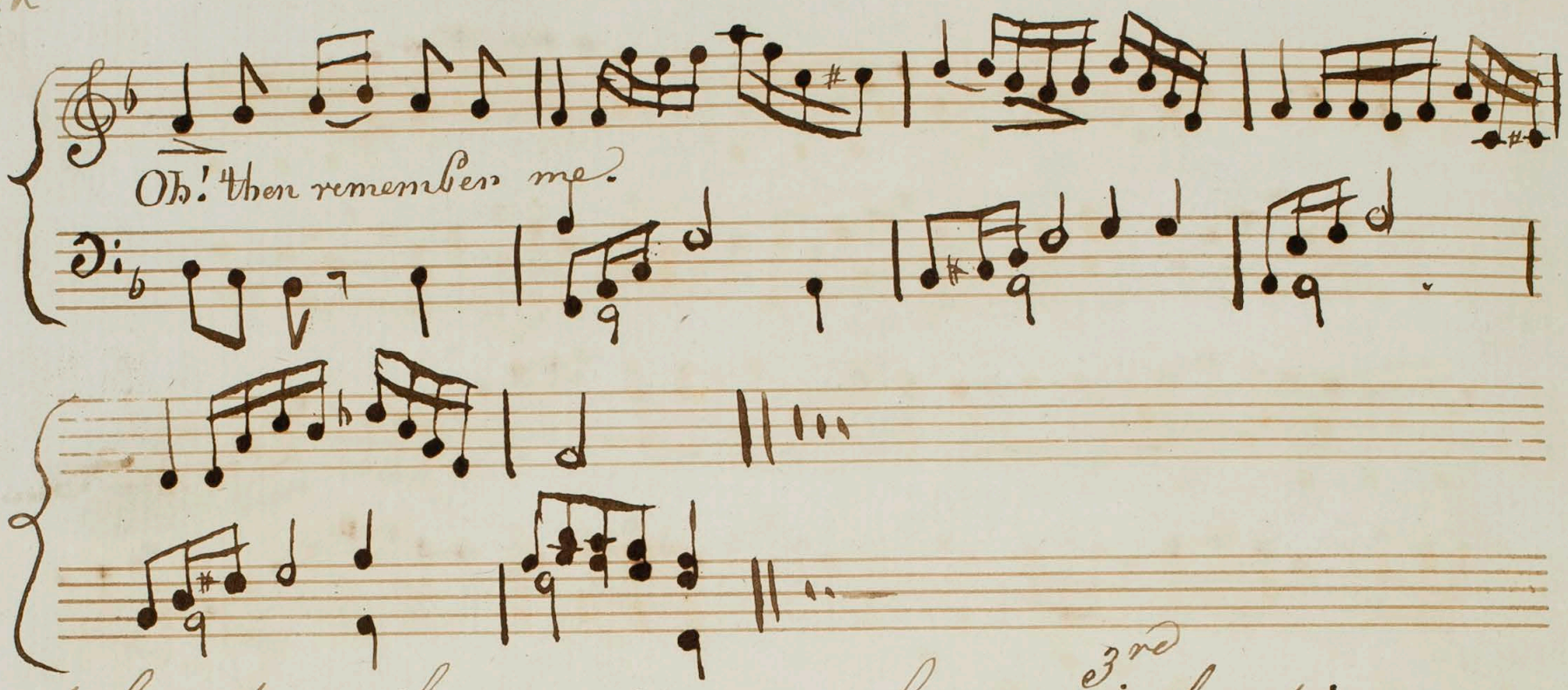
Cres

Go where glo-ry waits thee, But while fame elates thee, Oh! still remember me.

When the praise thou meetest, To thine ear is sweetest, Oh! then remember me.

Oth-er arms may press thee, Dearer friends caress thee, All the joys that bless thee,

Sweeter far may be, But when friends are nearest, And when joys are dearest,



When at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest
Oh! then remember me.
Think when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as Summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses
Once so loved by thee
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them
Oh! then remember me.

3rd
When round the dying
Autumn leaves are lying
Oh! then remember me
And, at night when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music stealing
All the soul of feeling
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,
Oh! then remember me.

x Then let mem'ry bring thee

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curld A round the green elms

that a cottage was near and I said^{d} if there's peace to be

found in the world The heart that was humble might hope for it here

'Twas noon and on flowers that languish'd around In silence repos'd

the vo-lup-tuous Bee Every leaf was at rest and I heard not a sound

But the woodpecker tapping The hollow beech tree But the

woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.

Why does azure deck the sky

The words by T. Moore the music by R. Humfrey

Andante

Why does a — zure deck the sky?

'Tis to be like thy eyes of blue Why is red? the

ro — ses dye? Be cause it is thy blushes hue.

All that fair by Loves decree

Has been made re-sembling thee all that fair by

Loves de cree Has been made re sem bling thee

Has been made re sem-bling thee

Rockby House

Megen oh! oh! Megen Ee in Castle Spectre

Sleep you or wake you Lady bright Sing Me-gen Oh! Oh! Megen Ee!

Now is the fittest Time for flight. Sing Megen Oh! Oh Megen Ee! Know from your Tyrants

Further Power Be-neath the Window of your Tow'r A-Boat now waits to set you free Sing

Megen oh! oh! Megen Ee Sing Megen Oh! Oh! Megen Ee

2d

Though deep the Stream, though high the Wall
Sing Megen Oh! Oh! Megen Ee
The Danger, trust me, Love, is small:
Sing Megen Oh! Oh! Megen Ee!
To Spring below then, never dread:
My Arms to catch you shall be spread
And far from hence you soon shall be,
Sing Megen Oh! Oh! Megen Ee!:

3

Fair Emma hush'd her hearts alarms
Sing Megen Oh! Oh! Megen Ee!
She sprang into her Lovers Arms.
Sing Megen Oh! Oh! Megen Ee!

Unhurt she felt; then swift its way
The Boat pursued without delay,
While Emma, placed on Edgars knee
Sang Megen Oh! Oh! Megen Ee!

Nobody coming to Marry me.

For Andante pia

Last night the Dogs did bark, I went to the gate to see When ov-ry Lass had her Spark, But no-bo-dy came to me, And its Oh! dear what will be come of me Oh dear what shall I do,

Nobody coming to Marry me Nobody coming to woo

Nobody coming to woo

2.

My Fathers a Fledger and Ditcher,
My Mother does nothing but spin;
And I'm a pretty young Girl.
But the money comes slowly in;
And its Oh! dear &c

3.

They say I'm Beautious and Fair
They say I'm Scornful and Proud
Alas I must now despair
For ah I am growing very old
And its Oh! dear &c

Hark! the Goddess Diana

2d Treb

1st Treb

Bass

Hark the goddess Di--a-na calls out for the chace; Bright

calls out for the chace. Bright

Moderato

Phoebus a-wa-kens the morn. Hark! the goddess De-a-na calls

Phoebus a-wa-kens the Morn. Hark! the goddess Di-a-na calls

out for the chace, Bright Phoebus a-wa-kes the Morn, Rouse

out for the chace Bright Phoebus a-wa-kes the Morn. Rouse

rouse from your slumbers to hunting give place; The hunts-man is

rouse from your slumbers to hunting give place; The hunts-man is

winding is winding his horn. The huntsman is winding is winding his

winding is winding his horn. The huntsman is winding is winding his

p

Cres

horn is winding is winding. The

horn. The huntsman The huntsman The

cres

huntsman is winding is winding his horn. The huntsman is winding is

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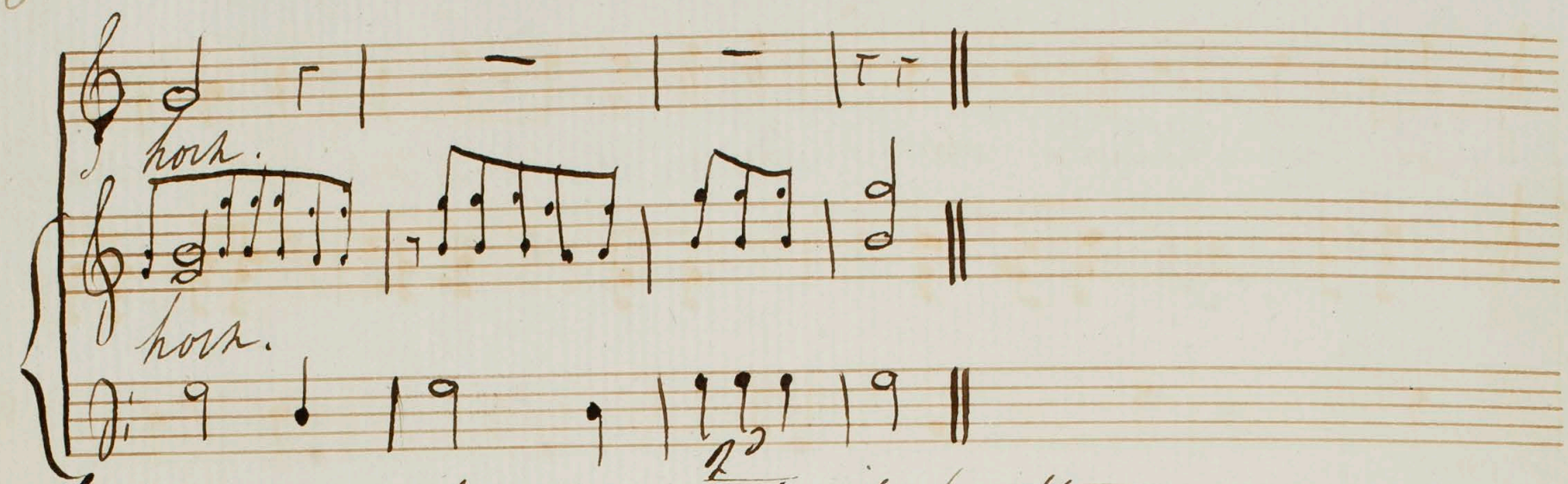
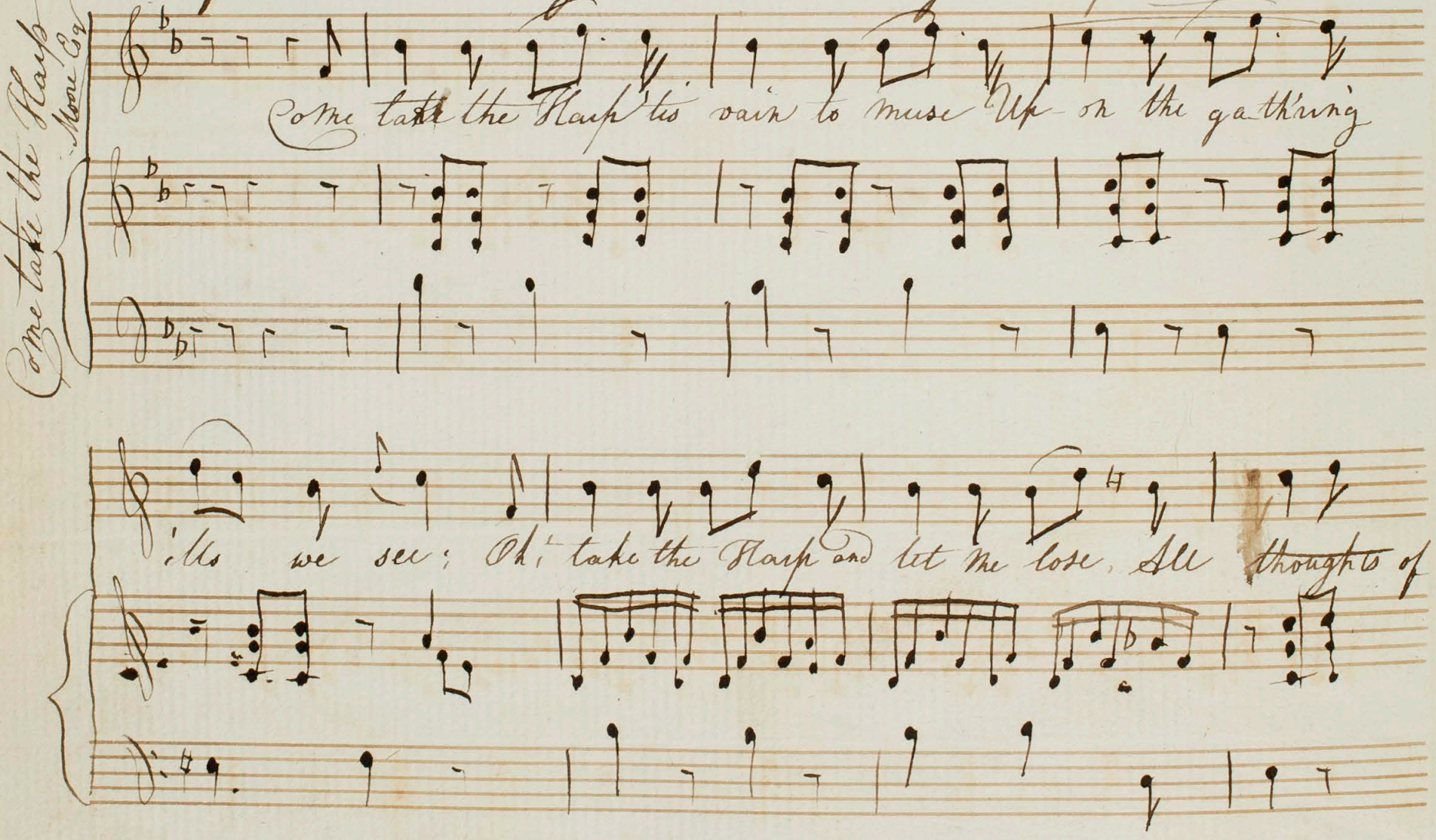


The hounds are unkennell'd and ripe for the game.
We start to o'ertake the swift hare.
The hounds are unkennell'd and ripe for the game
We start to o'ertake the swift hare
All danger we scorn for pleasure's our aim.
To the fields then away then away lets repair
To the fields then away then to the fields then away then
To the fields then away then away lets repair
To the fields then away then away lets repair
To the fields then away then then away lets repair

Come take the Harp

Moore Esq

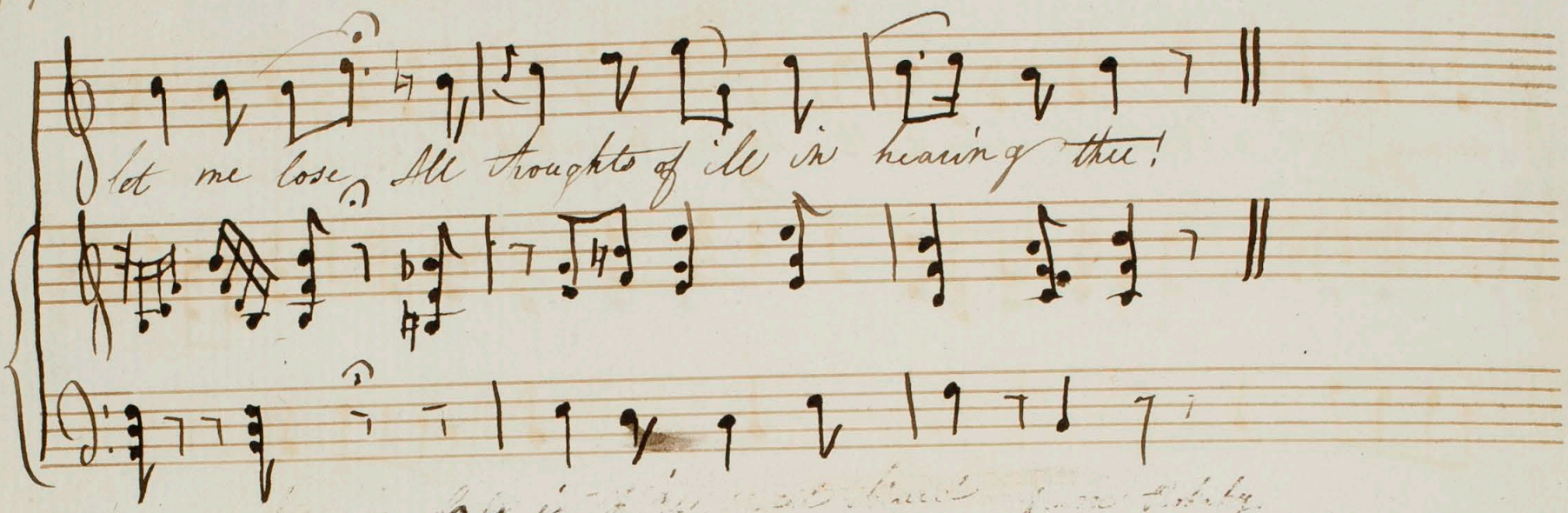


Ll in hearing thee Sing to me love, tho' death were near, Thy

Song could make my soul forget, Nay, nay, in pity dry that tear

All may be well be happy yet! Come take the Harp tho' vain to

muse Up on the gathering ills we see; Oh! take the Harp and



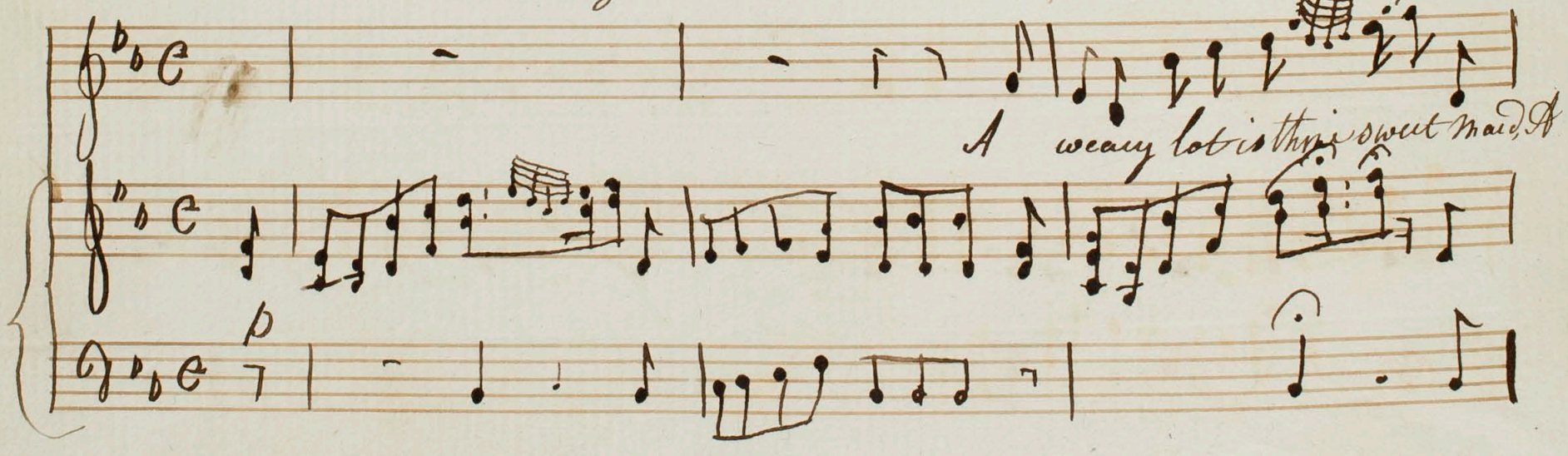
2d

Let me but see that snowy arm
Once more upon that dear Harp lie,
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh;
Give me that strain of mournful touch
We used to love, long long ago,
Before our heart had known as much
As now alas! they bled to know!
Come take the Harp &c

2d

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace
Of all that looked so captivous then
Now withered, lost, Oh! pray thee, cease.
I cannot bear those sounds again;
Art thou too wretched? Yes yes thou art;
I see thy tears flow fast with mine
Come, come, to this devoted heart,
'Tis breaking, but it aint is thine
Come take the Harp &c

A weary lot is thine sweet Maid



A weary lot is thine sweet Maid, from Rokeby

weary lot is thine to pluck the thorn thy brow to bind to pull the rue for wine a

lights one eye a soldiers mien a feather of the blue a doublet of the

lin_coln - green no more of me you knew my love no more of me you knew

This morn is merry June I trow
The rose is budding fain
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again

He turned his charger as he spake
Upon the river shore
He gave his bridle reins a shake
Said adieu forever more
My love and adieu forever more

When the evening closes in

When the

evening closes in, And the gaudy routs be gin, Splendid scenes engage the

eye, Crowded full of quality, Scarce a corner for old care, Gentle Maidens then be—

ware, While you round with rapture gaze, Lest ye perish in the blaze.

Too much pleasure burgeth pain
Should you not the will restrain
Sweetest sauces soonest cloy
While it does the health destroy.
Should a rover saunter by
With a love dispeopling eye
Who can tell what griefs may spring
From so slight so light a thing.

Many maidens to their cost
Peace of mind have often lost
Then beware ere 'tis too late
Love will oft dissimulate

He's a little artful boy.
Bringing care as well as joy
But if masked he should be found.
There is danger in the wound

"A Canadian Boat Song"

Gaily as tolls the

co'ning chime, Our voices keep time, Our oars keep time, Our voices keep time, Our

cres > dim

oars keep time. Soon as the woods on shore look dim, sing at St' Anns our

Well

Dim

parting hymn - Row Brothers row the stream runs fast the rapids are near and the

dim

daylights past, The rapids are near and the daylights past

2

Why should we get our sails unfurl
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl
But when the wind blows off the shore
Oh softly will rest our weary oar
Blow breezes blow, the stream runs fast
The rapids are near and the daylights
past

Blow breezes blow &c.

Ottawa tide this trembling moon
Shall see us float o'er the surges soon
Saint of this green Isle, hear our prayers
Oh grant us cool Heavens and favoring airs.
Blow breezes blow the stream runs fast
The rapids are near and the daylights past.

The Duke of Yorks Marck.

Trio

Fine

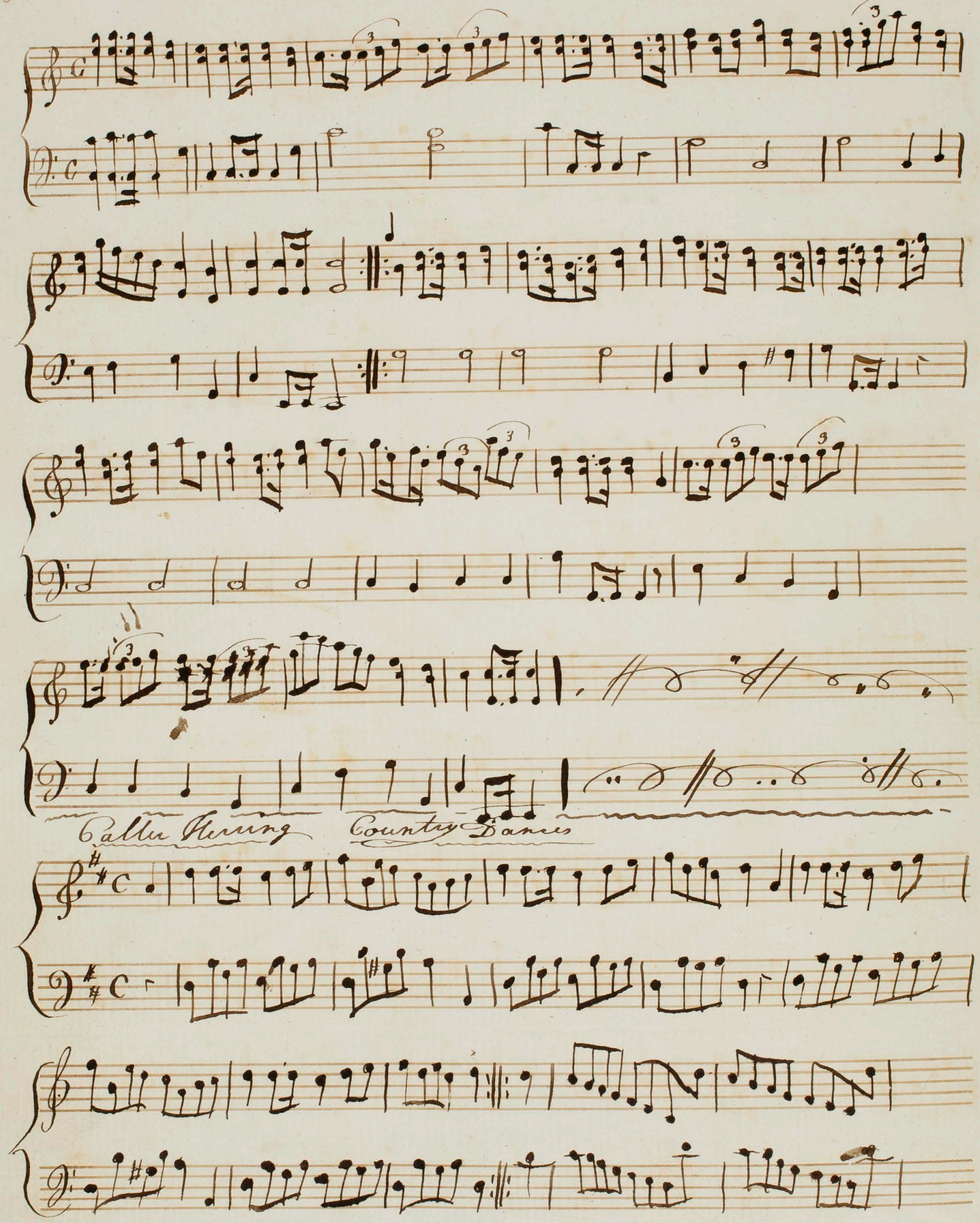
MDC

Knox's March.

D.C

Yankee Doodle.

A March.

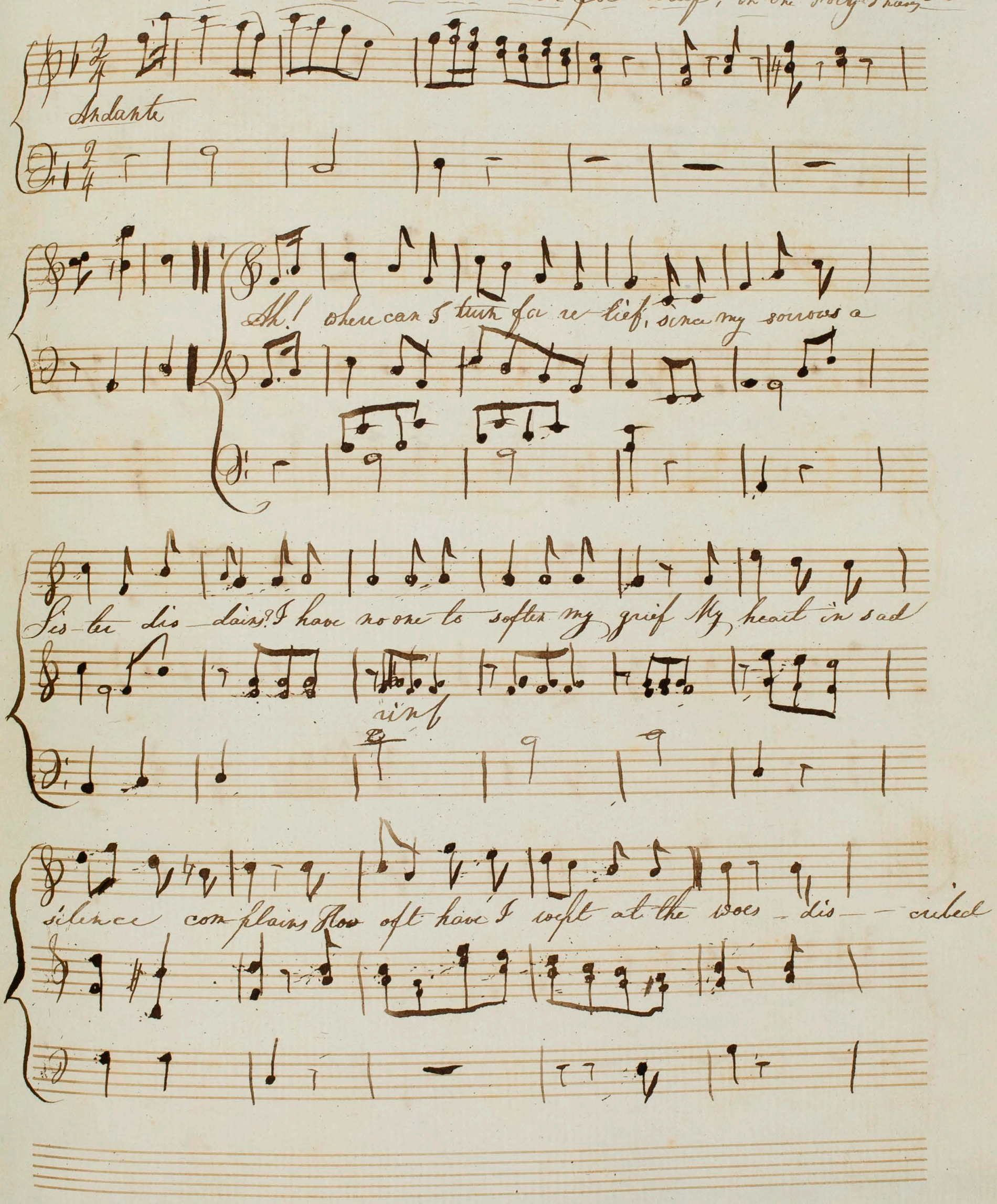

Caller Herring
Country Dances

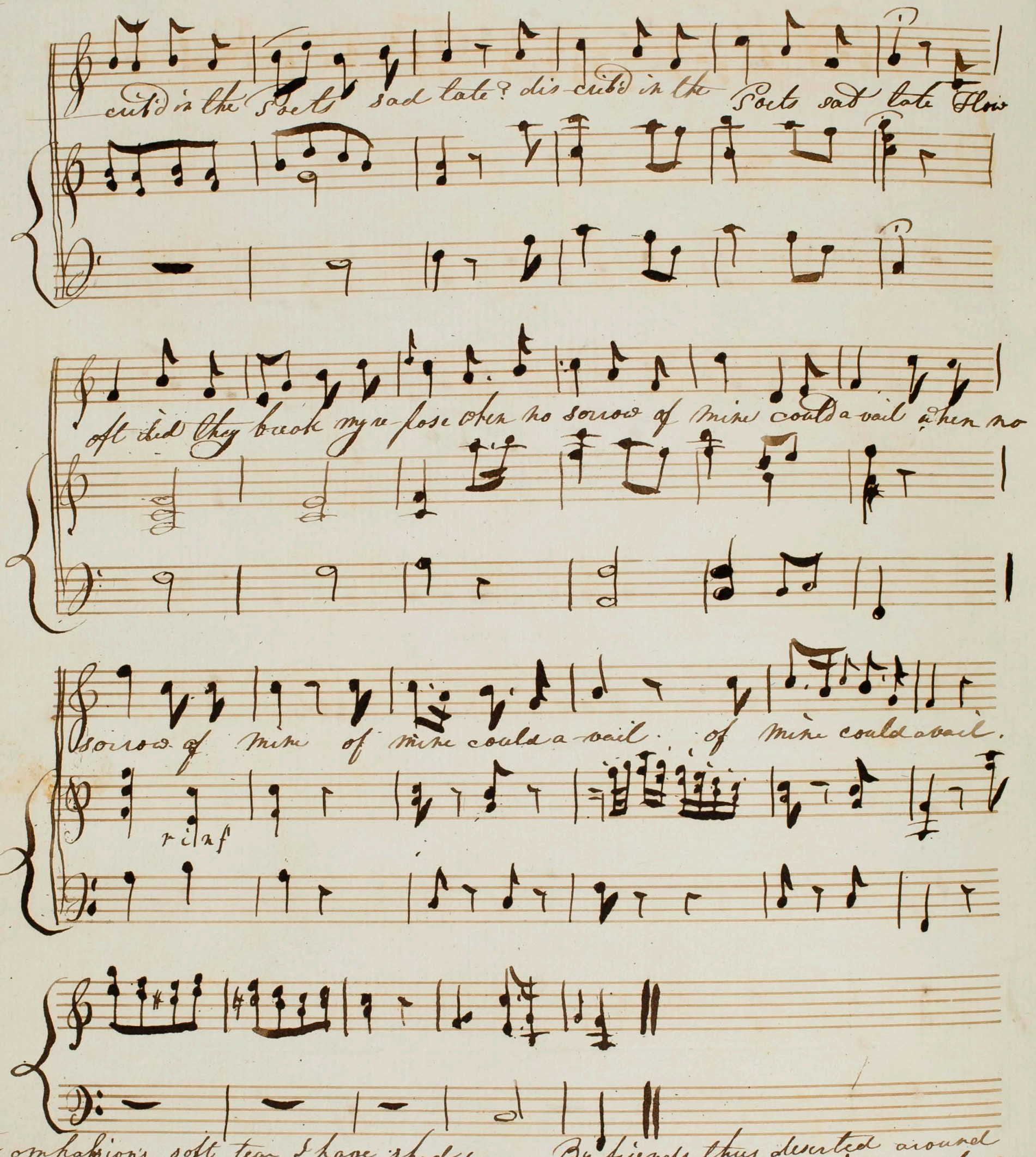
The North Town

Hibernian Dance

The Successfull Candidate

Ah where can I turn for relief, in the Forty Thieves

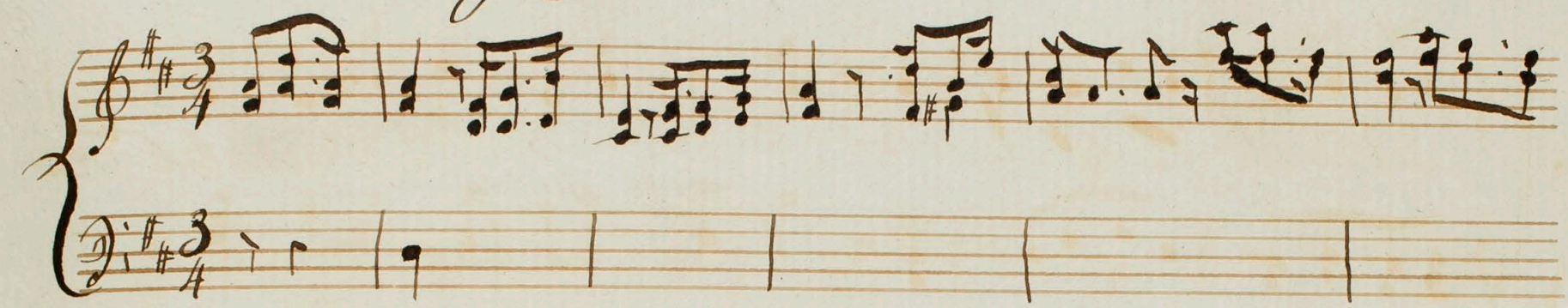



cribd in the Poets sad tale? dis-cribd in the Poets sad tale Flow
oft did they break my re-pose when no sorrow of mine could a-vail when no
sorrow of mine of mine could a-vail. of mine could avail.

Compassion's soft tear I have shed,
When misery stood at my door;
By friends thus deserted around
New woe can my sister impart?

When who could have thought, or have said
I must soon my own sorrow deplore?
Yes her scorn gives a still sharper wound
By ingratitude barbing the dart

Young Henry composed by Mr Braham



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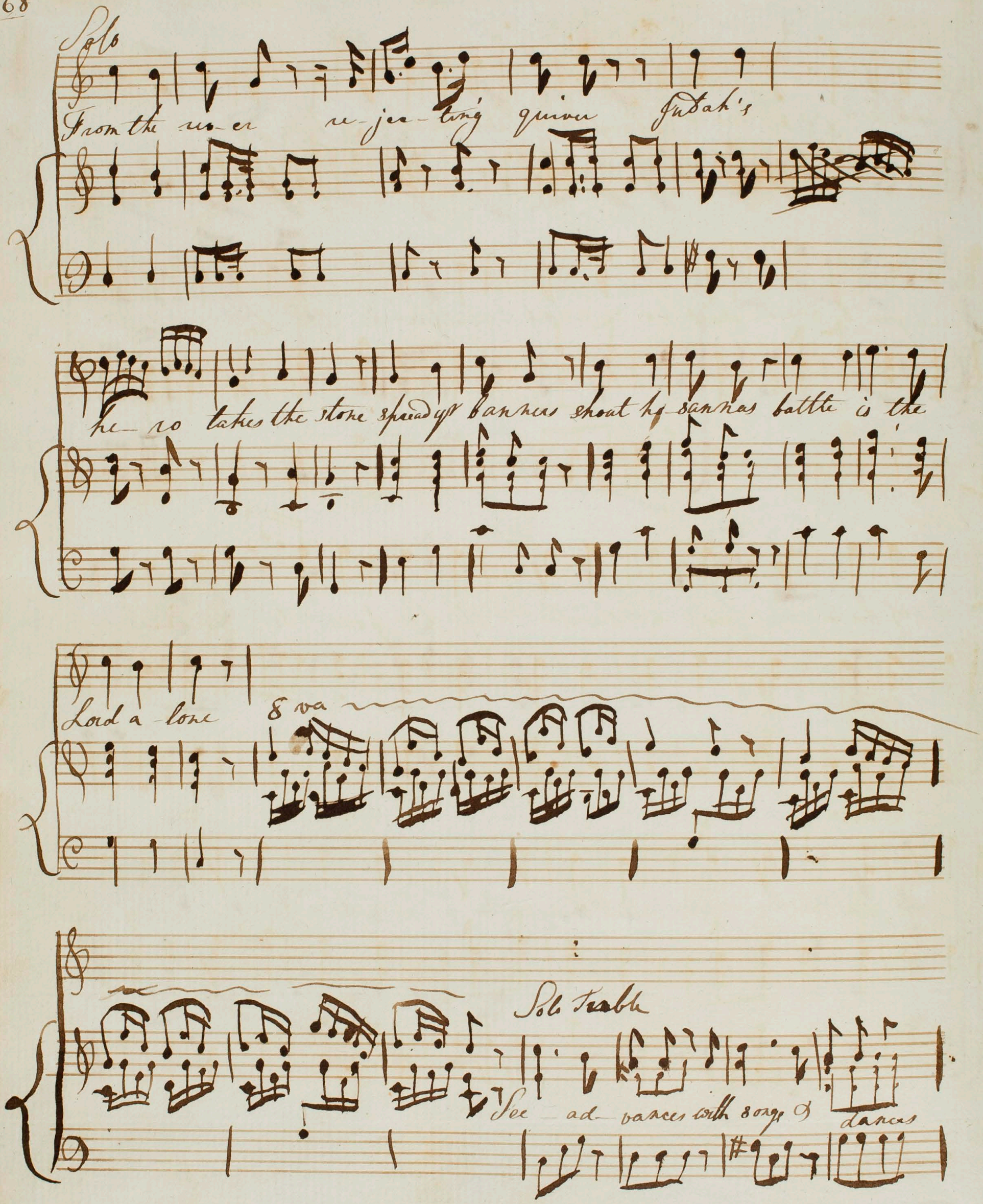
Solo

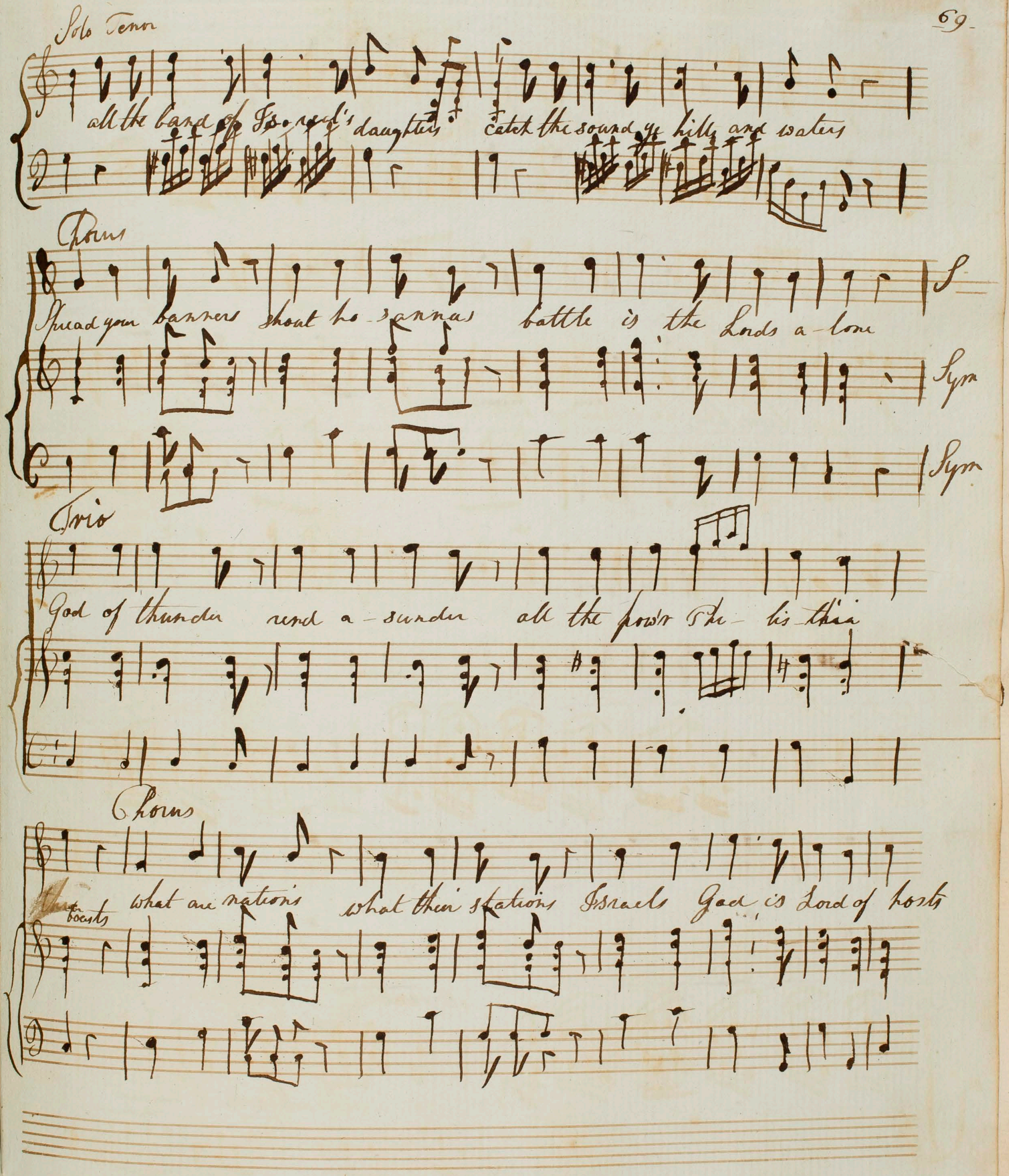
Strike the Cymbal roll the Cymbal

Chorus

Let the trump of triumph sound Pow'rful slinging headlong flinging proud Go—

—d to the ground Sym repeat


Solo
From the re-er re-jec-ting quiver Judah's
he-ro takes the stone spread yr banners shout ho-sannas battle is the
Lord a-lone
8va
Solo Treble
See ad-vances with songs & dances


Solo Tenor
all the band of Israel's daughters catch the sound ye hills and waters
Chorus
Spread your banners shout ho-sannas battle is the Lords a-lone
S
Sym
Sym
Trio
God of thunder rend a-sunder all the pow'r Phi-lis-thia
Chorus
what are nations what their stations Israels God is Lord of hosts
boasts

Solo

what are haughty monarch's now low be fore Jehovah — low prick of

Chorus

Princes strength of King to the dust Jehovah bring praise him

praise him ex-ulting nations praise praise him ex-ulting

nations praise Ho-san-na Ho-san-

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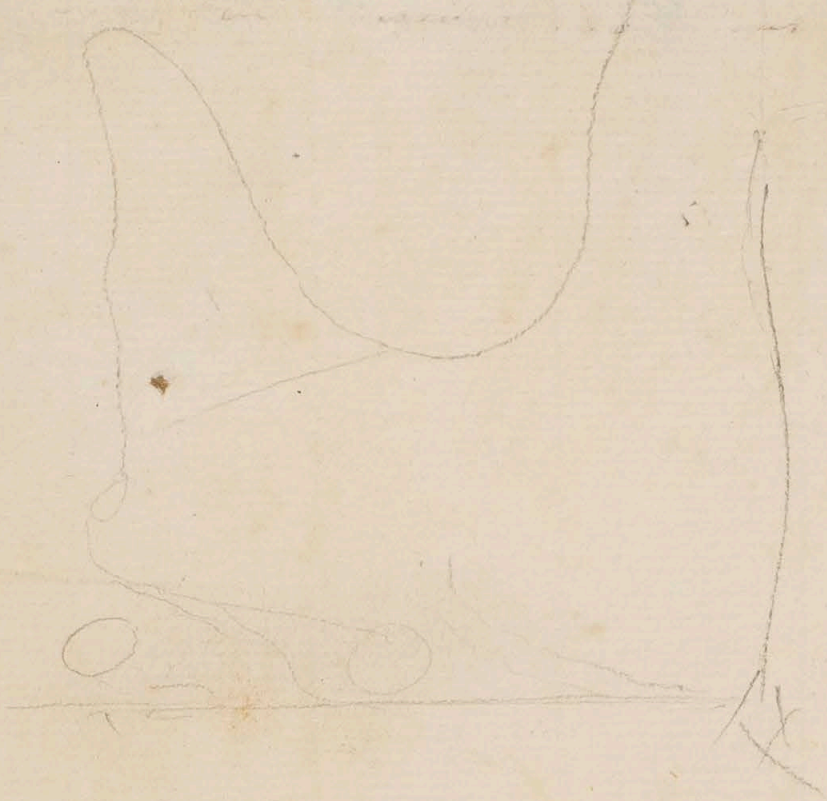
R. C. Dexter

R. C. D.